The Evening World.

ESTABLISHED BY JOSEPH PULITZER.

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HALT IT.

THE more one studies the way men supposed to represent the country in the Lower House of Congress have let Prohibition step in and use the great emergency of war for its own particular purposes, the more preposterous the situation appears.

Say nothing of the grave economic disturbances threatened by the wilful destruction of an industry.

Say nothing of the sudden wiping out of national revenues estimated at anywhere between $300,000,000 and $500,000,000.

Say nothing of the injustice of imposing upon 100,000,000 people summary and sweeping regulation of such a character without referring it to popular vote.

Consider only the special and limited point of view of the Prohibitionists themselves:

Prohibition professes to aim at saving lives by removing the curse of liquor.

Is there not grim absurdity in seeking to attain that end by taking advantage of a national exigency which itself threatens to destroy lives at a rate impossible to calculate?

Is the terrible business of war to be seized upon and exploited for the benefit of reformers and social regenerators of all sorts?

Is moral uplift to block national war measures unless its pet programmes are at the same time put in action?

There ought to be a saving element of stern, uncompromising common sense still left in the Senate of the United States.

We hope there is enough to halt this joy-ride of Prohibition at the expense of national need.

The Red Cross has its $100,000,000 and better. But Americans are not to forget that that is only a starter.

FIND OUT WHAT CARRANZA IS UP TO.

WITH the Carranza Government starting a campaign of taxation and restriction against American and British oil interests in Mexico, and with German agents known to be busy in the Tampico oil district, it was high time to warn Carranza that the Allies do not propose to be cut off from legitimate sources of an important part of their oil supply.

American oil fields are not able to meet present demands. Industry needs oil. Navies need oil. Aeroplanes need oil. Coal and oil, we are constantly reminded, are absolutely essential to Allied success. There must be no question of either failing.

Not only does the routine of military transportation on land involve the use of enormous quantities of oil, but the special plans of the Allies to be carried out on sea and in the air will call for extra heavy oil supplies. More and more does up-to-date warfare rely on the gasoline engine.

If the Germans have designs on the Mexican oil fields the time to do something about it is now. Experience has proved that unless Carranza is reminded from time to time of his duties toward his best friend and neighbor he too readily avails himself of the chance to forget them.

Of the "bone-dry" amendment attached to the Food Control Bill, Cardinal Gibbons observes:

"A law of this kind interferes with the personal liberty and rights of the people and creates hypocrisy on the part of the public. The history of the world down to the present time demonstrates the fact that people have and always will indulge in intoxicants, irrespective of any restraining power that it is attempted to saddle upon them."

The country is indebted to the Cardinal for a contribution of sound, ripe wisdom at a moment when the commodity is running painfully short.

THE RUSSIAN ARMY READY.

THE Russian revolution raised no such ructions with the Russian army as Americans have been led to believe. A World correspondent who has had exceptional opportunities for observing conditions at the Russian front reports that Russian soldiers are eager allies of President Wilson and democracy, that desertions have been far less frequent than rumor would have had us think and that the Russian forces are at the present moment amply supplied with munitions and with the spirit for a great offensive.

It would not be strange if revolutionary perturbations observed among the factions of the capital had been over-hastily assumed to have their parallels in the army. Nor need we be surprised to learn that German propagandists have been less successful with fighting men under arms than with restless and liberty-dazzled elements among the working classes.

If the Russian armies are ready and eager to fight, why not let them? There is nothing Russia should do—now without further delay or hopeful talk about it—more certain to clinch the confidence and good will of her allies.

Letters From the People

The Act of Voting Would Constitute Such a Declaration.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

I noticed a question asked and answered in your columns the other evening which read something like this: My father was born in Germany and never was naturalized. I was born in this country. Am I an American citizen? The answer to the question was: "Children born in this country of alien parents are citizens of h country if they so declare themselves and do not specifically claim the citizenship of their father."

What I don't understand is what you mean by declaring themselves. Do you mean that if when one is born in this country and reaches the age of twenty-one that when he casts his first vote he is a citizen; or do you mean that such a person has to obtain a certificate or some form of identification to show that he is willing to become an American citizen?

L. L.

She Is a Citizen.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Since I became a naturalized citizen I married. My wife was born on the other side. She did not take out any papers. Does that make her a citizen also?

J. A. T

Yes, He Would Be Eligible.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Is a man eligible to be President of the United States who was born in the United States and whose father was born in Europe, but who was a naturalized citizen at the time of his son's birth?

H. K.

Secretary of War.

To the Editor of The Evening World:

Kindly inform me the proper official in Washington, D. C., to whom I could submit an invention which the Army could use for its horses.

A. R.

"Wished" on Him

By J. H. Cassel

Uncle Sam's First Half Million Have Volunteered

Greater Progress Made in Preparing Peaceful Nation Than Any Other People Ever Achieved—But the Work Is Just Beginning and Every Man Must Help.

By James C. Young

IN three months of war the United States has accomplished vastly more than most of us realize. Although we have scarcely struck a blow as yet, our power grows hourly. The time is not far away when we will be able to play a part that befits our stature as a nation.

We have just raised a $2,000,000,000 war loan with amazing ease, subscriptions running well above the $3,000,000,000 mark. In this we have duplicated the first call for money from the English purse. England asked for $1,750,000,000. Subscriptions exceeded $3,000,000,000.

Germany's initial war loan was for $1,115,000,000. The first demand upon French subjects was small, amounting to but $200,000,000, which they quickly raised. France financed the opening months of the war by a half dozen methods, and the size of that loan does not tell the true story. Her military expenses were then $200,000,000 a month.

We have loaned our allies close to $1,000,000,000 since entering the war, and the purse strings are hanging loose for their next demand. So much for the financial side of the conflict.

Recently a great deal has been heard about slackers, resistance to the military service law, and our general unpreparedness. But in three months the United States has raised an armed volunteer force of more than a half million men, which is better than Britain could do even though imperilled by an enemy who reached his hungry claws across the Channel. That is by no means a reflection upon our ally, whose native man power is much less than ours, but it is a fine testimonial to the spirit of America.

When President Wilson declared a state of war to exist we had approximately 300,000 men in the army, navy and National Guard. The regular force of soldiers included about 100,000 men at that time. To-day its ranks have been expanded to almost 250,000 men. The National Guard, which had 150,000 men last April, now numbers 260,000 effectives. The Marine Corps has been increased from 17,000 to 30,000 men. And the navy has just doubled its personnel, jumping from 60,000 to 120,000 men.

We raised twelve new regiments of engineers numbering 1,000 men each, which soon will be ready for service abroad. No less than 40,000 Americans are striving for commissions in officers' training camps. Perhaps 25,000 others are enrolled in the Naval Coast Defense Reserve, the medical and engineer corps, independent ambulance units, and so on. The total of Americans who have laid aside peaceful occupations for the grim business of war is thus easily 500,000 men. That is the largest number of volunteers ever raised in so short a period.

All of us remember the days when "Kitchener's Million" was being put into khaki. The world looked on and wondered at a nation which could raise such a huge force by the volunteer plan. It is not possible to say how soon all of that million were in France, but it is certain that Britain's war plans for her new troops were not so well advanced in three months as ours are to-day. At least a year elapsed after Britain took the plunge before she began to render any very effective aid to the French, who fought that first bloody year almost alone. It would be much nearer the truth to say that two years elapsed before Britain was ready to do anything like the part that fell to the world's greatest empire. But to-day she is ready and doing magnificently, and the "thin red line of 'eroes" is a memory of the past, for the British millions are surging to the front. The high tide has set in. But those two years—and what the French did—must never be forgotten so long as men remember valor and honor the glorious.

We may feel proud of our half million good men and true. But that is no reason to relax present efforts toward increasing the number. This is the week that the President has asked every one to help in raising the army quota to 300,000. It is the time for the man who feels the urge upon him, the tug at his heart, to get in a uniform.

To-Day's Anniversary

A LITTLE more than a hundred years ago Europe was a battleground, as it is to-day, and the dominating figure was Napoleon. England, Russia, Prussia and Sweden were banded against him. Austria was "on the fence." It was June 26, 1813, that the historic interview between Napoleon and Metternich, Prime Minister of Austria, took place at Dresden.

In its early stages it was to be seen that the two men could not agree. In an outburst of impatience Napoleon exclaimed: "You are not a soldier, sir. You have not, like me, a soldier's soul. You have not lived in camps. You have not learned to despise the life of another man, and your own, when need be. What care I for 200,000 men!" This statement aroused Metternich's anger. "Let us open the doors, sire," he exclaimed, "and if the doors are not sufficient, open the windows, that the whole of Europe may hear you."

Japanese Crabs Have Human Face

A CRAB with a human face is one of the oddities to be found in Japanese waters. Not only that, but the face is surprisingly like that of a Japanese warrior in the "old, unhappy, far off days of the past." This face is formed by the strange figuration of the crab's back. To see one of the creatures crawling on the sand is to see what apparently is a human face moving across the beach.

According to Japanese history the nation was beset by a plague of piracy a few centuries ago. The coasts were ravaged, vessels sunk and terror spread generally by marauding sea rovers. Then the people organized a fleet and set out to exterminate the pirates. A great battle followed in which all of the freebooters were slain.

At this point legend steps in. It is said that not long after the battle the first of the crabs appeared. With advancing years the crabs increased in numbers until they are quite common. And not only do they bear the face of a fierce old warrior, but it is strangely like that of a dead man who had been drowned. The superstitious among the natives say that the souls of the pirates entered into the forms of the crabs.

"Glistening Bayonets" Thing of the Past

SOON the romancer no longer will be able to write about the column of American troops that marched into battle with bayonets glistening in the sun. For the United States Government has about decided to take all of the glisten out of a bayonet and have it made of blue steel. It is argued that just as a brilliant uniform attracts attention even at a distance, so the lustre of a polished bayonet may be seen far away.

If this step is taken it will be only one more blow at the panoply of war, which has become a grim business and not an affair of dash and honor. Every army in the field has discarded by degrees everything that would tend to make the presence of troops known to the enemy. The war is getting to be a struggle of anonymity, silence and drab gray.

The Flirtatious Employer And the Stenographer

By Sophie Irene Loeb

A YOUNG woman stenographer who was formerly employed by a United States Senator in Washington and who has been working for a downtown firm for the past two years writes me a remarkable letter as to how she lost her position.

Her letter rings true, and I am confident many other modest, refined girls suffer from the attentions of a flirting employer. If there is any despicable act in this world it is for a man to force his attentions upon a girl who is working for him. Many a poor girl, compelled by circumstances to hold on to her job, suffers miseries as this girl has at the hands of such men. Nothing is more cowardly than for a man, knowing the dependence of a girl on her job, to deliberately use his power as an employer to practise such imposition.

I wish there could be a law passed by which an employer would be properly punished who discharges such a girl because he has been unable to win her over to accept his attentions, for it is a form of white slavery.

If I were the girl in this position I would demand a full explanation as to why I was discharged by the manager and would put the matter squarely before the President of the company. I am confident there are good men at the top of great enterprises who have proper respect for their mother's sex—at least enough to discharge even an efficient manager for a poor stenographer when she has sought to protect her honor.

The letter in part follows:

"The firm is divided into different departments and every department has its manager and every manager his stenographer. The offices are scattered and no department knows what is going on in the next one.

"Being a good stenographer and fairly intelligent, my employer (manager of the advertising department) came to rely on me so that he seldom if ever reread his mail, and very often he would go away for weeks and leave me entirely in charge.

"He is forty-nine and has a son of nineteen as well as a lovely wife and daughter, whom I have met. Lately a change came over him. Several times he complained about not liking to eat alone and he began asking me to go to lunch with him. I refused on one pretext or another. Now, I'm not an attractive girl; certainly not the sort a man would ask out to lunch.

"I had been very content heretofore, for I had learned my job thoroughly and liked it, and I had felt so very, very sure of it, for my employer had often said that he wouldn't know what to do without me, &c. But when he began asking me out I felt a reluctance to go to work and was very miserable.

"Then he began to find fault with my work, found little flaws in my filing system, found misplaced commas and undesirable semicolons. However, he was again nice to me—and then asked me out to dinner. I refused. I am sorry now that I did. For the very next day he told me that my services were no longer required. To say that I was horror-stricken would be putting it mildly.

"I had come to regard this office as a sort of home and permanent institution and myself a permanent fixture—and now it seemed as though the very ground were taken out from under me. I could go to no one. The Vice President of our company was very much surprised when he learned about it and remarked that it had taken Mr. B. a long time to find out that I was unsuited for the position and promised to 'do something.'

"On Saturday nothing had been done, for they had evidently decided that a manager was more valuable than a mere stenographer. So I was left without a position.

"Would you have left the position docilely as I did or demanded the reason—which he refused to give other than to say that my services were not satisfactory?

"And what other possible motive can a man have after my being so long in his employ? But again I say I am not attractive—and still cannot understand."

The Jarr Family

By Roy L. McCardell

"YOU heard the Rangles were left a fortune, didn't you?" asked Mrs. Jarr.

"Why, yes, I believe I did," replied Mr. Jarr. "But it wasn't a fortune. Rangle told me it was just a small legacy."

"Well, they'd better be saving it these hard times, with war taxes on everything, and things to eat and things to wear getting dearer all the time," said Mrs. Jarr.

"But what about the Rangles and the fortune left them?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Well, they are spending it like sillies!" said Mrs. Jarr. "And it wasn't a fortune at that. It was only four hundred dollars. The money was left by an old uncle who Mrs. Rangle says was an antiquarian. But Cora Hickett's mother knew him well, and she told me he was only an antiquarian if you want to put on airs and call a junkman an antiquarian. Cora Hickett's mother says he was a familiar sight on the east side for years, going around with his cart buying old iron and lead pipe, and had cowbells on his wagon that would make you think of cows and fresh butter and milk with real cream, but it was only four hundred dollars after all."

"First time I ever heard of four hundred dollars making a noise like fresh butter and milk with real cream," said Mr. Jarr dryly.

"Oh, you know what I mean," said Mrs. Jarr. "When you hear those cowbells on a junk cart coming around the corner, you always think it's a herd of Alderneys or something like that, although I am dreadfully afraid of cows."

"But the Rangle fortune, the paltry $400 that I wish we had, what were you going to say about that before you got to wandering off among the cowships, so to speak?" asked Mr. Jarr.

"Why, there they go now!" said Mrs. Jarr, looking out of the window. "And in a taxicab, too! If I don't call down after them, Mrs. Rangle will think I'm envious, and I wouldn't want her to think that. She's looking right up at us, too!"

"Well, if you are not envious, call down after them," suggested Mr. Jarr.

"I won't do that, it's too much like poor people who live in flat houses," said Mrs. Jarr.

Before Mr. Jarr could ask if they, the Jarrs, were wealthy people residing in a mansion, Mrs. Jarr had compromised by waving genteely at the passing Rangles enjoying the luxuries of their legacy.

"And what do you think?" said Mrs. Jarr turning from the window. "It was one of those open top taxicabs, and Mrs. Rangle had put her scarf over the taximeter so people will think it is a private motor car they have just bought. But anybody can see it's only a taxicab."

"Well, we've only got once to live, let them enjoy themselves," said Mr. Jarr philosophically.

"Enjoy themselves wasting their money these times?" cried Mrs. Jarr. "They'd better save it, or pay their bills. Or if they must spend it, why don't they buy Liberty bonds or subscribe to the Red Cross or something? I would if I had it to spare."

"That reminds me," said Mr. Jarr. "I did a little piece of extra business for the boss this week and he had the cashier slip me fifty dollars. Shall we put it in bank or give some of it to some of the war relief funds?"

"Why, yes," said Mrs. Jarr. "But two dollars is enough. I think this family needs war relief if anybody does. Where is the fifty dollars?"

"Here it is—a check," said Mr. Jarr. "You put it in bank and I'll give you two dollars for the Red Cross."

"Well, you give the two dollars to the Red Cross," said Mrs. Jarr, as she took the check; "but I must get some summer clothes. Suppose the enemy were to conquer us, I'd be ashamed to be a prisoner of war in my old duds!"

Business Efficiency

By H. J. Barrett

"GREAT strides have been taken in the past twenty years in applying efficiency principles to production problems," remarked a young efficiency expert who is in charge of what is termed the planning department of a great department store.

"The opportunities for effecting vast savings in this direction are immense. Take my own case, for example. The books indicate that reforms which I have instituted during the two years I have been connected with this concern have cut expenses to the tune of nearly $250,000 annually—this with no sacrifice of sales or service.

"I came in here behind the counter as a youngster of twenty-two. I felt that here was a chance for the exertion of my efficiency training. I began to suggest reform after reform and it was not long before I was assigned a roving commission—to consider the entire establishment my field and to effect changes wherever they seemed practicable.

"One of my first steps was to study the messenger service. The boys divided into squads, were located at various convenient points about the store, subject to call from any one who wanted a message delivered. I felt that this idea was wrong, but knew that before I could devise a better method I must ascertain just how their time was consumed. Over 30 per cent. of their time, it developed, was devoted to obtaining sales books from the central station at which they were deposited. An analysis of the situation revealed the fact that it was perfectly practicable to keep the books where they could be secured with little effort, thus saving over 30 per cent. of the boys' time.

"Another plan was the installation of an inter-departmental mailing system. Whenever one wished to communicate with a distant department he called a messenger boy and despatched him with the note. Most of these epistles were not of an urgent character. They could just as well wait an hour for delivery.

"It was a simple matter to lay out a route without overlaps which could be covered hourly by a couple of girls. A central office equipped with pigeon holes serves for the sorting of the mail matter. As a consequence of the installation of this simple system, a couple of carriers take care of thousands of messages which were previously despatched by scores of boys. This step still further reduced the duties of our force of messenger boys.

"My next step was to centralize the messenger service. Instead of having the boys located in squads about the store I had them assembled at a central point under the direction of a despatcher, who sits at a switchboard. Before him is a long board divided into numbered compartments, one for each boy. Suppose a call comes for a messenger. The despatcher sends one, at the same time filling out a slip which has blank spaces for Time Left, Time Returned, Dept. No. ——, Date, Messenger's No. ——, and placing it in the boy's pigeonhole. Upon the latter's return the time consumed is entered and the slip is placed in a numbered box corresponding to the compartment which is assigned him. The accumulated slips at the day's end represent the day's activities.

"At the end of each week the time consumed per errand is averaged and three prizes awarded the boys making the best showing. To-day our messenger force numbers over 100 less than when I assailed the problem and the service is improved.

"The daily payroll of over 100 boys is an item of importance. A few weeks' study upon my part, coupled with efficiency experience, resulted in this saving."